

# The Mirror

OF

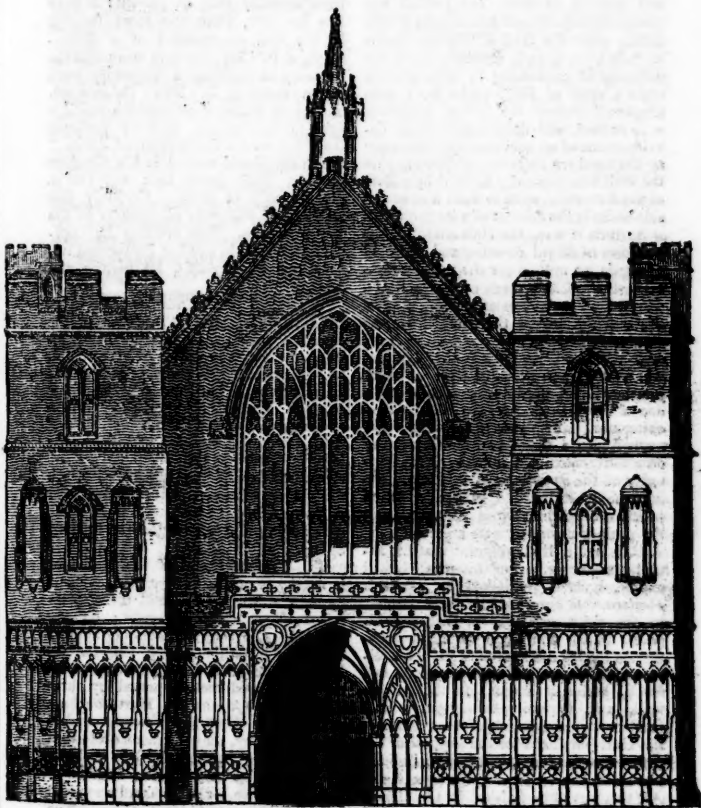
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXX.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Westminster Hall.



In presenting our readers with a view of the north, or grand entrance of Westminster Hall, we shall, we are persuaded, be rendering an acceptable service, as it is one of the most elegant specimens of English architecture bequeathed to us by our ancestors. With that public spirit

which renders the reign of his present majesty the Augustan age of England, this noble edifice has recently been renovated in such a manner as to represent the original, or if it differs at all, it is in the more finished accuracy of modern workmanship.

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Westminster Hall is generally believed to have been built by William Rufus, about the year 1097, during his absence in Normandy, and it is traditionally stated, that on his return from the wars there, he affected disappointment at its dimensions, as being not half big enough, and fitter for his bed chamber than the public hall of his palace with which it was connected.

The outside walls of Westminster Hall and part of its north end (which was visible during the recent renovation) sufficiently prove the Hall of William Rufus to have been a rude structure; and the difficulty of explaining in what manner such a span of Roof could have been supported before the flying buttresses were erected, was done away by the development of an ancient triple door-way at the northern entrance, indicating that the Hall was originally divided by pillars of wood or stone, so as to form a nave and side-aisles in the manner of a large church.

Such as it was, the Hall answered the purposes of Royal Feasting and National Councils, as well as for the usual Courts of Justice, till the reign of Richard II., when, from the effects of time, and of a fire which destroyed the roof, it became absolutely necessary to rebuild the Hall, or to give it a thorough repair. The last was chosen, and executed with so much judgment and good taste, as to remain one of the best specimens of *English* architecture; which soon afterwards degenerated into a detail and ramification of ornament, calculated to exhibit the dexterity of the stone-mason, instead of the genuine grandeur and propriety which satisfies the mind while contemplating the work of a consummate architect.

It is not a little singular that the actual contract for part of this repair is still extant, and is published in *Rymer's Fœdera*. It bears date the 18th March, in the eighteenth year of Richard II. (A. D. 1396), and by it certain masons, therein named, undertake to place a well-secured *table* (entablature or coping) two feet of assize in height, on the outside wall, and to infix twenty-six *sousses* (underprops or corbels) of Caen stone in the Hall (no doubt for the support of the timber-framed roof), and also to line the inside of the wall with Ryegate stone. All this was to be finished by Candlemas (2nd February) then next ensuing; and the rest of the work must have proceeded with equal rapidity, as the roof, and even the northern portal, was finished (as far as we now see it) four years afterwards, when the unhappy misguided Richard was driven from the throne, after keeping his last Christmas in this Hall!

Indeed that the work was hurried beyond what was proper, sufficient evidence appears in the settlement, or swerving of the eastern tower, where it joins the older building; and the masonry of the wall which supported the great northern window, was found to have been so badly bonded as to create surprise that it should have stood so long.

The inconvenience of Westminster Hall being under repair, was then felt even more sensibly than at present: if there was less law, there was more feasting in it; and on occasion of a Parliament, A. D. 1397, the king was under the necessity of building a temporary room for a meeting in New Palace-yard. This room was open on all sides, and it is said (a Lancastrian calumny perhaps) that "to secure the freedom of debate," the King placed around it his Cheshire Guards, with bows bent and arrows drawn ready to shoot. Certainly that Parliament was very obsequious to the King's wishes. How severely he expiated the insult in another Parliament two short years afterwards, let history and Shakspeare tell.

We return to the *northern Portal* of the Hall.—The evident intention of the architect was to ornament the basement story to the utmost extent of his art, and, by just gradation, to arrive at a beautiful simplicity in the battlements of the towers and the weathering, or coping course of the gable between them.

The canopied niches which flank the lower windows of each of the towers, are rivals worthy of the basement niches, differing in form and fashion, but inferior to none of them in workmanship. They seem to have been intended for tutelary Saints.

The *Groined Porch* of the Hall door is worthy of notice, surmounted as it is by one of the earliest and finest specimens of pannelled ornament; on the Eastern spandrel of the door-way appears to hang a medallion carved with the favorite device of Richard, his own escutcheon displayed and supported by three Angels, with a chained Hart couchant under a tree. Over the Western spandrel of the door-way, the escutcheon of Edward the Confessor appears in like fashion, either in token of his being founder of the Old Palace, or of Richard's especial reverence for the Sainted King. The same or similar devices appear on the stone moulding around the inside of the Hall, and Angels supporting escutcheons are the most prominent ornaments of the ceiling timbers; which are yet more worthy of admiration for the peculiar continuation of the appearance of pan-

nelled ornament there displayed, which, in a general *coup d'œil*, we cannot but carry with us from the gate-way into the Hall.

The dimensions of the Hall are eighty yards by twenty-two, and therefore nearly four-tenths of a statute acre in area. The ridge of the roof is thirty yards from the floor, of which seven yards reach to the *souses* or corbels, seven more to the Angels (which range with the side-walls), and sixteen yards is the perpendicular height of the roof itself.

The roof of Westminster Hall has always been admired for its beautiful carpentering, which supported a massive covering of lead for four hundred years, and scarcely feels the weight of modern slating.

## ON THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

(For the Mirror.)

FEBRUARIUS, in the Roman chronology, the second month of their year, so called from *Februa*, a feast held therein. In the first ages of Rome, February was the last month of the year, and preceded January, till the decemviri made an order that February should be the second month of the year, and come after January. In this month,

"The shifting gales with milder influence blow,  
Cloud o'er the skies, and melt the falling snow;  
The soften'd earth with fertile moisture teems,  
And, freed from icy bonds, down rush the swelling streams."

Dr. Aikin says, "the earlier part of this month may still be reckoned winter, though the cold generally begins to abate. The days are now sensibly lengthened, and the sun has power enough gradually to melt away the ice and snow. The hard weather generally breaks up with a sudden thaw, attended by a south wind and rain, which all at once dissolves the snow. Torrents of water then pour from the hills, every brook is swelled into a large stream, which rushes violently into the rivers; the pavement of ice with which they are covered now breaks up in every direction with the noise of thunder, and the floating masses dashed against barges and bridges, force down every thing that obstructs their passage; the bed of the river becomes unable to carry off this vast accumulation of water, it swells over the banks, inundates the bordering fields, and sweeps away cattle, mills, hay-stacks, gates, trees, and, in short, almost every thing that it reaches. The manure is carried off from the fields; high banks, with the trees upon them, are undermined and give way; and, in the space of a few hours, incalculable losses are sustained."

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"Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,  
Blow hollow, blustering from the south. Sub-  
dued,

The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.

Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,

And floods the country round. Sudden from the hills,

O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
A thousand snow-fed torrents rush at once;

And where they rush, the wide resounding plain  
Is left one slimy waste."

THOMSON'S SEASONS, *Winter*, line 988.

Many plants emerge from under ground in *February*, but few flowers as yet adorn the fields and pastures. Snow-drops are sometimes fully opened from the beginning of the month, often peeping out amidst the snow. Mrs. Barbauld sweetly describes this early effort of Nature's delicate, flowery tribe thus:—

"Already now the snow-drop dares appear,  
The first pale blossom of the unripen'd year,  
As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,  
Had changed an icicle into a flower.  
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,  
And winter lingers in its icy veins."

Ray, in his collection of Proverbs, has the following relating to this month:—

"February ill-dike, be it black, or be it white;  
But if be white, it's the better to like.  
All the months in the year curse a fair Februaryer."

Snow brings a double advantage; it not only preserves the corn from the bitterness of the frost and cold, but enriches the ground by reason of the nitrous salt, which it is supposed to contain. The Alps, and other high mountains, are frequently covered all the winter with snow, soon after it is melted to become like a garden, so full of luxuriant plants and variety of flowers. It is worth the noting, that mountainous plants are for the most part larger than those of the same *genus* which grow in lower grounds; and that these snowy mountains afford greater variety of species than plain countries.—See notes to Ray's *Proverbs*, published at Cambridge, 1670.

Shakspeare says,

"You have such a *February* face,  
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness."

P. T. W.

## ON GAMING.

GAMING is said to have been invented by the Lydians, when under the pressure of great famine: to divert themselves from their sufferings, they contrived dice, balls, tables, &c. More likely, says a learned censor, the passage ought to be otherwise translated. "The Lydians having contrived dice, balls, and tables, and invented gaming, were reduced to great famine, and to extreme sufferings." In plain truth, while engaged in this prac-

tice, they could think of nothing else; their property, their farms, their looms, their nets, their establishments of industry were all lying waste; their time and talents were all absorbed in this intoxicating pursuit.

At what period gaming was introduced into England, it would be difficult to determine; but there are few countries where it is carried on to a greater extent.

Montaigne seems to have been well aware of the evils of gaming, and gives us the reason why he relinquished it. "I used," says he, "to like formerly games of chance with cards and dice; but of that folly I have long been cured, merely because I found that whatever good countenance I put on when I lost, I did not feel my vexation the less." More than that, we have seen breaches scarcely to be healed between those who sat down to the gaming table in perfect good humour, but rose up from it in that disposition; but who can describe the abandonment too frequently attendant on this destructive practice; the friendship of such men is a confederacy in vice, and that they cannot depend on each other, has been too recently exemplified by its fatal consequences: its deteriorating influence upon the temper and disposition, as well as the pecuniary affairs—its false effects, in short, both to the unhappy individual who is curst with the propensity and to society in general. Connecting cause with effect, it leads to misery, and everlasting ruin, even to robbery and murder!

In gaming, Judge Blackstone says, several parties engaged to cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer. Taken in any light, this is an offence of the most alarming nature, tending, by necessary consequence, to promote public idleness, theft, and debauchery, among those of a lower class; and, among persons of a superior rank, it hath frequently been attended with the sudden ruin and desolation of ancient and opulent families, an abandoned prostitution of every principle of honour and virtue, and too often hath ended in self-murder. To this passion every valuable consideration has been made a sacrifice; and it is a passion which has lamentably prevailed in our own country, and which we seem to have derived from our ancestors, the ancient Germans; who, according to the account given of them by Tacitus, were bewitched with the spirit of play to a most exorbitant degree. "They addict themselves," says he, "to dice (which is wonderful) when sober, and as a serious employment, with such

a mad desire of winning or losing, that, when stripped of every thing else, they will stake at last their liberty, and then their very selves. The loser goes into a voluntary slavery, and, though younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffers himself to be bound and sold. And this perseverance in so bad a cause, they call the point of honour."—"One would think (says Blackstone) that Tacitus was describing a modern Englishman. Against a spirit so frantic, laws can be of little avail, because the same false sense of honour that prompts a man to sacrifice himself, will deter him from appealing to a magistrate. Yet it is proper that restricting and protecting laws should be enacted, and that they should be publicly announced, and repeatedly inculcated, if possible to preserve the unwary, if not to reclaim those who are on the brink of ruin." Father le Compte, in his *Travels to China*, says, "Gaming is equally prohibited among the common people and the mandarins; and yet this does not hinder their playing, and frequently losing all they have—their lands, houses, children, and even their wives, which are all sometimes laid on a single card"—Shakspeare says, "keep a *gamester* from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful." Lord Bacon says, "a *gamester*, the greater the master he is in his art, the worse man he is." And Addison says, "could we look into the mind of a common *gamester*, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and matadores; his slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves."

### SADNESS.

By MR. WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

1651.

Whiles I this standing lake,  
Swath'd up with yew and cypress boughs,  
Do move by sighs and rows,  
Let sadness only wake;  
That whiles thick darkness blots the light,  
My thoughts may last another night:  
In which double shade,  
By hear'n and me made,  
O let me weep,  
And fall asleep,  
And forgotten fade.

Hark! from yond' hollow tree,  
Sadly sing two anchorit ow's,  
Whiles the hermit wolf howls,  
And all bewailing me,  
The raven hovers o'er my bier,  
The bittern on a reed I hear,  
Pipes my elegy,  
And warns me to die;  
Whiles from yond' graves,  
My wrong'd love craves  
My sad company....

Cease, Hyas, cease thy call;  
 Such, O such, was thy parting groan,  
 Breath'd out to me alone  
 When thou di-dain'd, didst fall,  
 Lo thus unto thy silent tomb,  
 In my sad winding sheet I come,  
 Creeping o'er dead bones,  
 And cold marble stones,  
 That I may mourn  
 Over thy urn,  
 And appease thy groans.

## HISTORY OF TABLE CLOTHS.

(For the Mirror.)

At a very early period, it was customary to spread a cloth, or cover, upon tables appropriated for holding refreshments; and in the more ennobled ranks of society, we find this practice prevalent almost among all nations, where civilization has polished the manners of the people; any omission of this requisite mark of politeness would have been considered an insult.

The use of the table cloth among the Romans, we are told by Montfaucon, began in the time of the early Emperors; he adds, that their fabric was fine linen, generally much ornamented, with stripes of gold and purple, and sometimes painted, or wrought with gold, decorated at the corners with golden tags.

The use of table linen was (according to D'Arcy) very rare in England about the thirteenth century; but, we find the Anglo-Saxons, before the Norman conquest, dined with a clean cloth, denominated *reed sceat*, which was by their successors termed *drapet*; this latter term we find in several instances in "Spenser's Faery Queen," evidently alluding to linen cloths, now modernized into drapery; hence, it is pretty certain that table cloths were by no means unusual in this country at a very early period.

In the life of Saint Ives, we find it mentioned that even a cloth was laid for a poor man.

Ducange relates a singular feudal privilege; "that the Lord was entitled to the table cloth and towel, used at the house where he dined; the honour of a frequent visit would surely have made him no welcome guest, when we consider the value of these articles at that time.

The same author relates, that a father giving advice to his son, most strongly urges him, as a means of future success in life, to have his table covered with a clean cloth. And we find there was a violent complaint made against the monks for putting their visitors to a table, not without *any* cloth certainly, but before a *dirty* one. It appears that table cloths

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were used by the nobility and gentry of great value, the price was seldom less than one hundred marks; at that time, indeed, almost a fortune for a poor man.

Fosbroke, in his "Antiquities," writes, that damask table linen is of a very ancient date, and quotes La Brocquiere for a description of some table cloths used abroad; he says, "They are four feet in diameter, and made round, having rings attached to them, and are, when the dinner is finished, drawn up together like a purse, so that not a crumb of the remnants may be lost."

JACOBUS.

## LINES,

### TO AN INFANT ON ITS MOTHER'S BREAST.

WELCOME, oh! welcome, stranger dear,

Upon this passing scene below;

And may thy part be pleasant here,

Exempt from sorrow, care and woe.

Calm on thy mother's bosom rest,

And she will shield thee from the storm;—

For sweetly clinging round her breast,

Thou shalt her fairest jewel form.

Thy father's stronger arm shall guard

Thee too, with her, in whose loved arms,

Thou dost repose; and from thee ward

Each nearing dangers—all alarms.

And there's another father too,

In heav'n, high seated on his throne;

May'st thou his kind protection know,—

Be found with those he calls his own.

R. F.

## The Nobelist.

No. XLVI.

### EPONINA AND SABINUS,

A ROMAN STORY.

SABINUS was a Roman, who, during the civil wars, engaged himself in a party who were against Vespasian, and even aspired to the empire. But when the power of Vespasian was well established, Sabinus only bestowed attention on the means, by which he might shake off his persecutions; in a short time he thought of one as doleful, as it was new; he was possessed of vast subterraneous passages, unknown to the world, and in these he determined to hide himself; this melancholy retreat, at least freed him from the insupportable fear of punishment, and he bore in his bosom the hope that some new revolution would give him the possibility of reappearing in the world. But, amongst the many sacrifices, which his situation forced him to make, there was one above all which he had at heart. He had a young, beautiful, sensible, and

virtuous wife; he was forced, either to lose and bid her an eternal farewell, or to propose to her, to bury herself for ever in a dark prison, and to renounce liberty, society, and the light of the day. Sabinus knew the tenderness and the greatness of Eponina's soul, that wife so dear, he was sure that she would consent with joy; to follow, and to live only for him, but he feared for her the grievances, which too often follow enthusiasm, and which even virtue cannot always protect; at last, he had generosity enough, not to wish to abuse that of Eponina's, or better speaking, he had only an imperfect idea of the manner that a woman could love. He only put his confidence in two freedmen, who followed him; he assembled his slaves, and told them that he was decided on death: he rewarded and discharged them; burnt his house, and afterwards saved himself with these two faithful freedmen. No one doubted his death. Eponina was absent, but soon this false news reached her ears, she abused it like all the people; and was resolved not to survive Sabinus; as she was observed with care by her parents and friends, she chose, with regret, the slowest manner of dying, and constantly refused all kinds and species of nourishment. However, the two freedmen, who by turns went out of the cave for provisions each night, got information concerning the situation of Eponina, by their master's order, and learned that she had nearly reached her last moments. This report was no sooner made to Sabinus, than, (whilst he was thinking himself generous, he had only been ungrateful, laden with inquietude, penetrated with recollection) he sent one of his freedmen instantly to tell Eponina of his secret, and the place of his retreat.

How shall I describe the affecting particulars of the first interview of Eponina and her husband, when she appeared before his eyes, pale, trembling, torn to death by the only desire of living in a dungeon with the man she loved.

What admiration, what gratitude ought Sabinus to confess? when in a moment every thing is changed about him! What a charm does Eponina spread on every object that surrounds him? This vast cavern now presented nothing frightful to the eyes of Sabinus.

However, in thinking what would henceforth be the dwelling place of Eponina, he sighed. Alas! one can only offer a frightful prison to her, who would be worthy to reign in a palace.

Eponina and Sabinus conversed together, of the means which they ought to

take for their common safety; it was impossible that Eponina could disappear entirely from the world without being exposed to dangerous searching; besides, in renouncing for ever her family and friends, she was depriving herself of the means of serving Sabinus, if any occasion offered. It was then decided, that she should only come to the cave in the night; but, her abode was a great distance, she must travel five leagues on foot; how could she support the fatigue?

How would a woman so timid and delicate, brought up in luxury and effeminacy; dare she! so beautiful and young, expose herself under the guard of a single freedman, to all the dangers of a nocturnal and dismal voyage, which would recur so often? also, how would she have enough discretion and prudence to conceal from every eye, her proceedings and her secret? How? she loved—she could proceed by experience, force, and courage; she was guided by the two grand movements of extraordinary actions, love and virtue, so rarely united, but so powerful, when they are found together. Eponina, in effect, accomplished with exactness all the engagements which her heart had made her make; she came regularly each night to the cave, and often passed many days there, having taken the necessary precautions that her absence should not cause any suspicions.

The savage and retired life which she led in the world, and the grief which they granted to her, procured for her the power of concealing her proceedings from the public, and to escape the observations of curious and idle persons. To see her husband, she triumphed over all obstacles; neither the severity of the winter, nor the rain, nor cold, could stop or make her late. What a spectacle for Sabinus, he who saw her trembling, out of breath, hardly able to stand on her delicate and bruised feet, and nevertheless trying, by a sweet sigh, to dissimulate her weakness and her suffering, or better speaking, forgetting them before him! But a new event ought to have made Eponina yet more dear, if possible, to Sabinus, she was going soon to become a mother. What a new source of happiness for her, but at the same time of fear and inquietude! To what embarrassments would obligation deliver her, to conceal her condition from all who surrounded her, and the necessity of having the assistance which a woman in her situation can with so much difficulty avoid. But with a heart so faithful, and so passionately in love, is Eponina



an ordinary woman? Is it a proof above her strength, and who can discourage or oppose her? No, she knows how to conceal the knowledge of her important secret, from her servants, family, and friends. Can she want means and prudence! She strives to preserve her reputation, honour, and the life of Sabinus. She knows how to triumph over pain, and even to support it without complaining. Absent from Sabinus, and all at once attacked by a disorder as new to her as violent, she shuts herself up, invokes in spite of human succours, the assistance of heaven, and becomes the mother of two children, whose dear existence is the satisfaction and the reward, of all that she had suffered.

As soon as night arrived, Eponina taking her children in her arms, escaped from her house, and laden with this precious burden, she arrived at the cave. Who can describe the deep astonishment, the transports and the joys of Sabinus on learning from Eponina herself, that he is a father, on receiving his wife and children.

These children, the affecting pledges of the most perfect and purest tenderness, condemned from their birth to live and to grow in a prison! Cruel thought! enough to damp the happiness of Sabinus.

The two children of Eponina were brought up in the cave, and did not go out during the space of nine years, the time Sabinus was concealed. Time had not diminished the assiduity of Eponina; she made her visits more frequent to the cave, there she found her spouse and her children, become strangers to the world and to society; the universe and happiness of Eponina existed only at the bottom of the cave of Sabinus. Nevertheless, her visits becoming each day more multiplied and longer, gave suspicions at last. She was observed, followed, and the unfortunate Sabinus discovered. Two soldiers, sent by the emperor, came to tear him from his cave, who did not conceive, on seeing this frightful abode, that any one could, regret and shed tears at leaving it.

In this extremity, Eponina, not failing in her virtue or courage, of which she had given so many proofs, went to the palace of the emperor, followed by her two young children. The people came in crowds round the passage, each one rushing to see and applaud her; all the palace resounded with their acclamations which she excited; and it is thus, that more than once in the abode of flattery, miserable virtue obtains the tribute of praises which she merits. Eponina insensible to her glory, not even com-

prehending that they could admire her conduct, advanced in spite of the crowd which surrounded her. Having arrived at the apartment of Vespasian, she threw herself with her two children at the feet of the emperor, and implored with all the eloquence of her heart, the pardon of her beloved husband, which she obtained.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### CORPULENCE.

QUESNAY calculated that a grown person, when in his natural state, ought to have about eight pounds of fat. The average weight of a man is about one hundred and sixty pounds: but as there have been very fat people who have weighed four, five, nay even six hundred pounds, it may easily be imagined, that in these cases there must have been a prodigious deviation from the state of nature. There have been seen persons with fat six inches deep under the skin; and similar instances have been known among brutes. Hogs have been made so fat, that their skin was fifteen inches above the bone. An ox, which otherwise would weigh five or six hundred weight, may be fattened to nearly a ton and a half, which is half the weight of an elephant. These astonishing deviations from nature cannot possibly be attended with beneficial results; and of this, physicians in all ages have been fully aware. It is an observation as ancient as Hippocrates, that health, when at the highest, as in the fat *athletæ*, was precarious, because it could not then experience any change, unless for the worse. Celsus considered a square-built figure, neither too fat nor too lean, as the best. Sanctorius observed, that after the process of digestion is finished daily, a man ought to be as heavy as he was before it, if he is in perfect health. But how can this hold good respecting people, who, after every meal, add to their weight a considerable quantity of superfluous juices?

In enumerating the dangers to which very corpulent persons are exposed, I shall quote the words of other physicians, without taking any personal share in these sinister predictions. Apoplexies hold a prominent place in the list. Hippocrates knew from experience, that fat persons more commonly die a sudden death than lean ones; and so he says in several places. Boerhaave ascribes the disposition of corpulent persons to apoplexies, to the obstructed circulation of

the blood through the vessels compressed by the fat. The blood gives way to this pressure, and accumulates in those places where there is no fat to prevent the expansion of the vessels. As, then, the brain never becomes fat, the blood accumulates in its vessels, and expands them to such a degree that they burst, which is frequently the immediate cause of apoplexy. Haller mentions it as a fact universally known, that corpulent persons are disposed to apoplexy. The annals of medicine relate, that a man who, though weighing upwards of six hundred pounds, nevertheless possessed extraordinary agility, and whose waistcoat would button, without straining, round seven men of ordinary dimensions, died in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, leaving a pregnant wife and five children. Louis Coute, who measured eight feet round the body, and whose fat, after the removal of the skin, was, from the outer surface to the abdominal muscles, between thirteen and fourteen inches thick,—in short, a man weighing eight hundred pounds died in his forty-sixth year of apoplexy. The intestines were neither larger nor fatter than in an ordinary subject. His liver, on the other hand, was triangular and indurated; and it was attached for the space of five inches to the omentum. No person can hesitate to believe such evidence, which is, moreover, confirmed by the experience of all ages.

Somnolency is another complaint to which corpulent persons are liable. Boerhaave once had an interview with a doctor, who had grown fat with frequent unnecessary bleeding, and who was so lethargic that he fell asleep at least ten times during their conversation. Athenæus relates of Dionysius, tyrant of Heraclea, that he was so sleepy, owing to his excessive corpulence, that it was impossible to keep him awake without thrusting pins through the fat into his flesh.

The insensibility and stupidity of corpulent persons go hand-in-hand with this disease; for the fat covers and buries the nerves, which must be touched by sensible objects in order to our having any perception of them. It moreover compresses and paralyzes the muscles, the nerves of which also it incapacitates for moving them. Nicomachus, of Smyrna, was by corpulence rendered incapable of locomotion; and we have had instances in England of persons, who, from the same cause, could scarcely stir from the spot. The meagre animals, on the contrary, which might be supposed to be weak, such as greyhounds, racers and hunters among horses, stags, &c. are remarkable for their agility, and appear to

fly through the air.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

### THE HONOUR OF IRELAND, OR THE EXCELLENCE OF ITS ANCIENT POLICE.

UNDER the government of O'Brien, one of the old Irish kings, such a spirit of justice, virtue, and equity, prevailed among the people, that a person who carried valuable property about him, and even a defenceless female, might traverse the realm without fear of injury or molestation. 'A young lady of great beauty (says Dr. Warner), adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to another, with only a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceedingly great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.'

The incident is thus versified in Mr. Moore's Melodies, and it has furnished a pleasing subject for the exercise of the talents of two of our most ingenious artists.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;  
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

'Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,  
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?  
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold  
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?'

'Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;  
No son of Erin will offer me harm:  
For, though they love woman and golden store,  
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more.'

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;  
And bless'd if for ever is she who relied  
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

*Lady's Magazine.*

### ANALECTS.

By the Author of "Confessions of an English Opium Eater."

#### THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROPS.

A DELICATE child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops, \* that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moon-light and through the morning onwards to noon-day: "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat—

\* If the dew is evaporated immediately upon the sun-rising, rain and storm follow in the afternoon; but, if it stays and glitters for a long time after sun-rise, the day continues fair.



er swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rain-bow; whereupon his father pointed upwards—"See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words: for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.

#### SATIRICAL NOTICE OF REVIEWERS.

IN Swabia, in Saxony, in Pomerania, are towns in which are stationed a strange sort of officers—valuers of author's flesh, something like our old market-lookers in this town.\* They are commonly called tasters (or *Prægustatores*) because they eat a mouthful of every book before-hand, and tell the people whether its flavour be good. We authors, in spite, call them reviewers: but I believe an action of defamation would lie against us for such bad words. The tasters write no books themselves; consequently they have the more time to look over and tax those of other people. Or, if they do sometimes write books, they are bad ones: which again is very advantageous to them: for who can understand the theory of badness in other people's books so well as those who have learned it by practice in their own? They are reputed the guardians of literature and the literati for the same reason that St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges and of all who pass over them—viz. because he himself once lost his life from a bridge.

#### FEMALE TONGUES.

HIPPEL, the author of the book "Upon Marriage," says—"A woman, that does not talk, must be a stupid woman." But Hippel is an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women; and again, the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other, except amongst men. In general the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when *light* is brought to the water edge.—However, in fact, the

\* "Market-lookers" is a provincial term (I know not whether used in London) for the public officers who examine the quality of the provisions exposed for sale. By *this town* I suppose John Paul to mean Bayreuth—the place of his residence.

disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labours: secondary artificers,—as tailors, shoemakers, weavers,—have this habit as well as hypochondriacal tendencies in common with women. Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work: but women often talk double their share—even because they work.—*London Magazine.*

#### AN AMATEUR CONCERT.

(Concluded from our last.)

Having at length gained the seat allotted me, and bowed to my companions in arms, we began to tune. Sound C if you please Miss A., said an old gentleman, who was straining every nerve to screw up his second violin string, but, as generally is the case, when tuning is the order of the day, there was so much noise, what with the ladies laughing, the old gentlemen coughing, the dandies loud talking, and the young ladies flirting, that Miss Apollina Shewoff, who was at the piano, instead of sounding C, kept thrumming in a most discordant style quite a different note, but *n'importe c'est egal* such trifles are not worth noticing; and if the whole of the opera or concert performers are rarely in tune, what then must be the case with unexperienced amateurs, with whom tuning is no slight ceremony! for what with strings snapping or likely to give—pinching them—flattening and sharpening and rosining bows, a considerable portion of the evening is generally consumed. But some persons are, I believe, partial to tuning *de gustibus non est disputandum*. For my own part I must confess, that I am one of those fellows, who generally contrive to reach the opera in time to see the rosin ride swiftly over the horses hair.—Too-too sighed the flute.—Twang, twang, the tingling harp.—Twice-twee, the violin.—Too flat—sharper—too sharp the flute.—Sir, pray do not sing while I am tuning, said the old gentleman to a young fellow who stood near him practising the scale; until wishing to end all this chaotic din, I drew with a tremulous motion my bow over the strings of my violoncello. I now took courage, and having received a most affable smile from the fair Cecilia, who was still at the piano; I requested the favour of the common chord of A: having soon tuned my instrument, I pulled up my gills, and endeavoured to prop up my cloth, which was at this time woefully disordered by the heat, and prepared myself for the signal of attack, with the consolation of knowing, that if I should chance to make a mistake, the Tower of

*Babble*, which had broke loose in the room was so powerful, that it would overwhelm all blunders. Silence, at length, being in some degree restored, and the leader's tap having been given, we started off with the overture to *Zauberflöte*, in regular philharmonic time; the flute was much too sharp, and the harp as much the reverse; so to save my own credit I scraped away in a most fortissimo style, in order to drown the discord. I have always found this to be a good plan, provided a sharp look-out is kept for a pause; never mind some of the accompaniments being three or four bars before you, provided you all end together. And to effect this with certainty, it is no bad plan to keep on a sort of *tasto solo*, or holding note, while the others are scrambling away; or to make a good long shake in the *Exeter style*,\* until you find the last bar approaching. At length having jumbled the pianos and fortes together, and occasionally skipped a note or two, we got to the printer's name. The applause which followed was, of course, most flattering. Mrs. Shewoff immediately came up to thank me, as being her newest guest, and to express how delighted her friends were at my brilliant execution—such tones—so rich—such an addition to the piano—such an acquisition to the party; while a lady, who was leaning on her son's arm close by my side, requested him to ask me how long it would take to learn the *viol-di-samba*. Now the idea of my violoncello, in the eighteenth century being degraded by the appellation of an instrument which was in vogue about the time when men wore square-pointed shoes and pea-green coats, was really most distressing to my feelings; but before I had an opportunity of replying, an old lady came up and requested me to tell her whether it was Dr. Handel's Water-piece, that we had just performed: however, I was relieved from my agony by a gentleman assuring her that there was no *fife* in that composition! *Qui color albus erat*, &c. thought I to myself. What would Monzani have said, if he had heard his flutes termed fifes. These, and similar other shrewd remarks, served to fill up the breathing time allowed before a song commenced. The old school talked of Corelli, Senuiani, and Handel, and Dr. Abell's celebrated performances; while the moderns vaunted the praises of Rossini and Bishop. A song seemed now to be in general demand, but, as generally is the case among ladies, the difficulty was to decide who should begin? Amelia Languish had ra-a-ther not sing first, because she knew very well

\* Vide Tye---w club.

that her dear friend, Sir Charles Præse-all had not yet arrived to hear her. Fanny felt squeamish, because she felt sure that Col. Attack-all would quise her. Clara Shewoff pleaded the pain in her chest, and the order of Doctor Heavyside prohibiting singing in crowded rooms, while the truth was, she knew that Mr. Tender-ear was a severe critic; and Miss Volti-subito, after turning over the leaves of many of Bishop's best compositions, and leading every one to expect that she would break the ice, declared her utter incapacity of singing any songs that were not *Italian!!* Thus, owing to one lady's rather, another's cannots, a third's affection, and a fourth's fears, another considerable portion of the evening was wasted. At length a Signora Sotto-voce was handed to the piano, at the earnest desire of her weak Mamma, in order to waste her delicate breath over one of the most difficult cantatas of Rossini. And now, Mr. Editor, let me give a gentle hint to some of your fair readers, not to have so high an opinion of their own talents. Nothing is more distressing than to hear, after the delightful warbling of a Stephens, or the scientific execution of a Camporesi, the compositions of our most favoured masters, most shamefully murdered by the want of ear, of voice, and time, of many of their attempters. Masters should not be believed; they induce mothers to persuade themselves that their daughters have Syrens' voices, which aided by the flattery of two or three young men, lead the daughters into a belief, that their ballad voices are equal to Catalani's. Thus it was with poor Miss Sotto-voce, for when she came to the cloudy passages, that is to say, the upper notes, where there came in a shake, I turned round and found an old gentleman regularly snoring; and saw many Chaperons in a nid-nid-noddin state, as much as to say, they wished it had been a dance or a rubber. I have now to apologise for having trespassed so much on your columns. Were I to state the rest of the vocal and instrumental performers, I fear I should betray myself; suffice it to say, that Metronomes were very much in want, and I thought that Mr. Curtis, the aurist, would be very useful to the auricular nerves of many of the singers. However, as I found out that Terpsichore was to take place of Melpomene, and that those ladies who had not been asked to sing, or would not sing, were very jealous of the praises bestowed upon their more favoured sisters, and were therefore inclined to vote for quadrilles; I thought it high time to lock up my child, and as Miss Apollina was screech-owling, the

last stanza of "Home, sweet home," I thought of my pillow and started, resolving in my way home, that as I flattered myself that I had not quite lost my credit, I would send you a sketch of the evening's amusement. Intreating your indulgence for the inaccuracies which *currente calamo* I may have crept into,

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient servant, JERRY.

## The Selector;

OR,

### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### POLICE OF MOSCOW.

EACH of the twenty *quarters* of Moscow has a *Chastnoi Pristaf*, or inspector, appointed to watch over his district. The duties of this office are not less extensive than important. Every inspector ought to have an exact knowledge of the inhabitants of his quarter, over which a sort of parental authority is committed to him: he is the *ensor morum* of his quarter; their out-goings and in-comings should be known to him, and his house must not be barred by night or by day, but is to be a place of refuge continually open to all that are in danger or distress; he ought not to quit the town for the space of two hours without committing the discharge of his office to some other person. The constables, and the watchmen of his quarter, as well as the *kvaratnik*, or inspectors of the sub-divisions of his district, are under his command, and he is attended on all affairs of his office, by two sergeants. He has his own office, and together with a burgher, endeavours to settle disputes and affairs of minor importance.

The number of watch-houses in Moscow in 1805, was 352, and now amounts to 360. They are called *butki*, or *butka* in the singular. They are really small substantial wooden houses, furnished with stoves, and are inhabited by the patrols or watchmen. Three watchmen live in each *butka*, who keep the watch by night and by day, taking their turns alternately every four hours. By this calculation, the number of watchmen for the city amounts to 1,080, of which 360 are constantly on duty by day as well as by night, and the remainder ready to give assistance in cases of emergency.

The watch-houses are mostly placed at the corners of the streets, and in public situations. The watchmen are called *butoshniki*; are dressed in a coarse grey

uniform; are furnished with halberts when on duty, and have a soldier-like appearance. Besides their proper destination, they are to assist in taking up offenders, and in any service that their commanders or necessity may require.

I have admired the expedition with which quarrellers or drunkards are quieted by these people. If words and scolding, or gentle correction have no influence the whole watchmen of the *butka* are immediately summoned, and the disturber of the peace is lodged in safety at the watch-house till he becomes manageable, and in the morning his conduct is decided on.

The police takes cognizance of all persons in the capital; travellers who come and go are subject to certain formalities, which render it extremely difficult to conceal the place of their abode, or their departure from the city. To this end, every householder and innkeeper is obliged to declare to the police the names of those who lodge with him, or what strangers have put up at his house. If a stranger or lodger stay out all night, the landlord must inform the police of it, at least on the third day of his absence from his house. The cautionary rule in regard to quitting the town are still more strict. Those who would leave, must publish in the newspapers their names, their rank in life, three several times, and produce the newspapers containing the advertisement, as a testimonial to the government, from which they then receive their passports, and without these it is next to impossible to get out of the empire.—*Lyall's Character of the Russians.*

#### RUSSIAN NOBILITY.

IN the Spring of 1821, I resided at Serpuchof, a distinct town in the government of Moscow. The *Maslenitsa*, or butter-week, which precedes the Carnival, was distinguished as in the metropolis by balls and amusements, and even a well-managed masquerade. A sledge parade was announced for Saturday, and a *déjeûner à la fourchette* by Prince —, *le Maréchal de la Noblesse*; and I, among others, accepted the invitation. The number of sledges was not great, nor the spectacle at all imposing. As the weather was cold, every individual present seemed to await the breakfast with impatience. After being tantalized till two o'clock, a shabby entertainment followed. Half of the ladies and gentlemen never sat down, but ate and drank whilst standing on their feet; some seized a piece of fish

with a fork, put it upon a plate, and withdrew from the table; others, without ceremony, got hold of pieces of a pie, divided on purpose, and retired with them in their hands. Some got a dram of sweet *Vodka*, others a glass of wine, &c. &c. All I could come at, in the universal scramble, was a little *Vodka* and a bit of pie. A gentleman who had been more fortunate, and had partaken of two or three dishes, seemed to enjoy a triumph, when a servant approached him and demanded two roubles and a half—so much for each dish, and half a rouble for his dram. His astonishing wild state of surprise, fury, and indignation, and his hearty curses, I shall not readily forget. He paid the money, and the affair ended. Application was then made to some of the other guests, who absolutely refused payment. I was about to quit the *grand hall*, when a servant approached me and demanded a *rouble and a half*. I felt insulted, and while scolding, desired that Prince — might be told that I had been present at a public entertainment, and that I should never pay a kopeck, and off I went. Every individual present understood that the paltry breakfast was given by Prince —; and, indeed, a number of his favourites were not asked for payment. His steward was master of the ceremonies; his cooks prepared the dishes in the assembly-rooms of the town; his servants waited at table, and he himself acted as host during the entertainment. Deservedly he was abused by his countrymen for this *acte éclatant*.

A nobleman of the highest rank, now in his grave, invited his friends to an elegant dinner and splendid entertainment, in his fine gardens on the banks of the Moskva. The most distinguished personages of the metropolis were present. With surprise, one of the guests was remarked, as he most dexterously conveyed a silver spoon, which he had been using, into his pocket. Immediately after dinner, this *noble* left the party, and, attended by his livery servants, got into his carriage and drove home.

A prince of the northern empire having entered one of the magazines at Moscow, wandered up and down, passed a number of articles in review, and demanded their prices. Whilst the proprietors and their assistants were busily occupied in shewing a variety of wares to numerous purchasers, the said nobleman clandestinely, and, as he thought, without being seen, seized a gilded tea-cup and saucer, conveyed it under his cloak; commenced a general conversation; pretended to have forgotten something; ran off with his booty; deposited it in his

carriage; re-entered the magazine; bought some trifling article; departed, and, followed by a couple of servants in gorgeous apparel, seated himself in his vehicle, and, no doubt, dwelt with complacency on his triumph, as he was hurried along the — street to his own palace.—*Ibid.*

### ON DEATH.

A DEATH-BED is, indeed, a test of truth. Who ever heard of a man's rejecting the hopes of Christianity, and becoming a convert to infidelity, in his last dread hour? Oh, no!—if ever he clings closely and solely to the Saviour, it is at that moment—if ever he realizes the idea of a Redeeming God, it is then! if ever he feels the influence of the Comforter, *now* is the time!—His good deeds—alas! he estimates them now at their true worth; vitiated by alloy, their fairest light shaded by the mingling of worldly motives. He cannot rest *there*, he cannot extract hope from *these*. But he has satisfaction in remembering the sacrifice he has made, the secular advantages he has rejected, for the sake of Him who died on Calvary. To Him he looks—in Him he hopes to live eternally—through Him his aspirations after mortality are legitimate. Ye infidels, “come and see how a Christian can die.”—*Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths.*

### LETTER OF COWPER THE POET.

I HAVE at last read the second volume of Mr. —'s work, and had some hope that I should prevail with myself to read the first likewise. I began his book at the latter end, because the first part of it was engaged when I received the second; but I had not so good an appetite as a soldier of the guards, who, I was informed when I lived in London, would for a matter eat up a cat alive, beginning at her tail and finishing with her whiskers. . . .

I send a cucumber, not of my own raising, and yet raised by me.

Solve this enigma, dark enough  
To puzzle any brains  
That are downright puzzle-proof,  
And eat it for your pains.

. . . I raised the seed that produced the plant that produced the fruit, that produced the seed that produced the fruit I sent you. This latter seed I gave to the gardener of Teringham, who brought me the cucumber you mention. Thus you see I raised it—that is to say, I raised it virtually by having raised its progenitor; and yet I did not raise it, because the identical seed from which it grew was raised at a distance. . . .

Whoever means to take my phiz will find himself sorely perplexed in seeking for a fit occasion. That I shall not give him one, is certain; and if he steals one, he must be as cunning and quick-sighted a thief as Autolycus himself. His best course will be to draw a face, and call it mine, at a venture. They who have not seen me these twenty years will say, It may possibly be a striking likeness now, though it bears no resemblance to what he was: time makes great alterations. They who know me better will say, perhaps, 'Though it is not perfectly the thing, yet there is somewhat of the cast of his countenance. If the nose was a little longer, and the chin a little shorter, the eyes a little smaller, and the forehead a little more protuberant, it would be just the man. And thus, without seeing me at all, the artist may represent me to the public eye, with as much exactness as yours has bestowed upon you, though, I suppose, the original was full in his view when he made the attempt.

We felt ourselves not the less obliged to you for the cocoa-nuts, though they were good for nothing. They contained nothing but a putrid liquor with a round white lump, which in taste and substance much resembled tallow, and was of the size of a small walnut. Nor am I the less indebted to your kindness for the fish, though none is yet come. - - -

Cocoa-nut naught,  
Fish too dear,  
None must be bought  
For us that are here.

No lobster on earth,  
That ever I saw,  
To me would be worth  
Sixpence a claw.

So, dear Madam, wait  
'Till fish can be got  
At a reasonable rate,  
Whether lobster or not;

Till the French and the Dutch  
Have quitted the seas,  
And then send as much  
And as oft as you please.

- - - I forgot to mention that Johnson uses the discretion my poetship has allowed him, with much discernment. He has suggested several alterations, or rather marked several defective passages, which I have corrected much to the advantage of the poems. In the last sheet he sent me, he noted three such, all which I have reduced into better order. In the foregoing sheet, I assented to his criticisms in some instances, and chose to abide by the original expression in others. Thus we jog on together comfortably enough: and perhaps it would be as well for authors in general, if their booksellers, when men of some taste, were allowed,

though not to tinker the work themselves, yet to point out the flaws, and humbly to recommend an improvement. - - -

TO MRS. NEWTON.

September 16, 1781.

A noble theme demands a noble verse,  
In such I thank you for your fine oysters.  
The barrel was magnificently large,  
But being sent to Olney at free charge,  
Was not inserted in the driver's list,  
And therefore overlook'd, forgot, or mis'd:  
For when the messenger whom we dispatch'd  
Inquired for oysters, Hob his noddle scratch'd;  
Denying that his wagon or his wain  
Did any such commodity contain.  
In consequence of which, your welcome boon  
Did not arrive till yesterday at noon;  
In consequence of which some chanced to die,  
And some, though very sweet, were very dry.  
Now Madam says (and what she says must still  
Deserve attention, say she what she will,) That what we call the Diligence, because  
It goes to London with a swifter pace,  
Would better suit the carriage of your gift,  
Returning downwards with a pace as swift;  
And therefore recommends it with this aim---  
To save at least three days,--the price the same;  
For though it will not carry or convey  
For less than twelve pence, send what'er you  
may,

For oysters bred upon the salt sea shore,  
Pack'd in a barrel, they will charge no more.

News have I none that I can deign to write,  
Save that it rain'd prodigiously last night;  
And that ourselves were, at the seventh hour,  
Caught in the first beginning of the show'r;  
But walking, running, and with much ado,  
Got home--just time enough to be wet through.  
Yet both are well, and, wondrous to be told,  
Soused as we were, we yet have caught no cold;  
And wishing just the same good hap to you,  
We say, good Madam, and good Sir, Adieu!

*Cosper's Correspondence.*

## The Sketch Book,

No. XVII.

### THE DAY AFTER PAY DAY ON BOARD A MAN OF WAR.

FOR the first few days after a ship has been paid, or received prize-money, it bears the greatest resemblance between decks to one of the worst streets in a seaport town with the houses turned inside out. A fair is held on the main-deck; stalls are fitted out on each side, over which preside the most avid and the most abject of the children of Israel; sailors roll half-drunk, from stall to stall, with a watch-chain dangling from each pocket, and a harlot on each hand. At this time the ship is hemmed round with boats (as a beleaguered town is with tents) which are not suffered to approach within a certain distance under pain of being fired upon; for if it were otherwise, the ship would be entirely taken possession of by Jews and women. But at intervals some bolder one of these boats darts beneath a port-hole, and introduces unseer

its crew and cargo. The rest are only deterred by the pointed muskets of the marines, and between each attempt to advance they maintain an unintermitting course of unintelligible expostulation. Jews vociferate without, and Jews respond from within. Howl ship of Tarshish! It would seem as if all Israel and Judah had been gathered together from Dan to Beersheba to spoil the inhabitants of the Isles that pass over the great waters.

Rum is the great article of merchandize, which is absolutely but vainly forbidden to be brought on board. It is generally secreted in small bladders about the persons of the women, which are yet strictly searched by the master-at-arms and sergeant of marines,—officers, it may be, not proof against every sort of bribery. Female persuasion and bladders of rum, who can withstand? By these and other means, the vessel is fully supplied with spirits, and the throng of boats without gradually disperses for the day, as their crews become hopeless of admission for their cargoes. Within,—night and universal drunkenness come on together. Men fighting and swearing, women fighting and shrieking, Israel sorely oppressed by reason of their extortions uplifting the voice of lamentation, kegs of rum overturned upon the decks, hammocks cut down, men tumbling down ladders and hatchways, with all other disorders of darkness, drunkenness, and lewdness, from a scene of nautical festivity, which oppresses a novice with a feeling almost amounting to horror. The impressions of such scenes, it is true, wear off, or rather wear in,—for they are not often repeated without some assimilation of the mind they indurate,—and the delicate and elegant child who had left his little garden and his ponies, and his evening prayer, and his mother's good-night kiss, to seek adventures which never occur,—this boy acquires the hardihood, and restlessness, and carelessness, which are the much boasted characteristics of a British sailor. Say whether this be loss or gain?

I wave the sufferings of the child and of the parents whilst the change is producing, and ask what they have got by it when produced.

The sketch I have given of the day after pay-day is not exaggerated, but unfinished. I had occasion to walk through St. Giles's one Sunday morning lately, and was reminded of it. Men and women half-drunk, sick-drunk, dead-drunk, vino sopiti, et vino sepulti (our own language stints the truth as well as the climax), lay or rolled (stand who can) about the street,—and there were others

enjoying the sight; a more abhorrent circumstance, because the drunkards may be only *infirm* of mind, the others are grievously corrupt. To this Sunday morning in St. Giles, may be compared the morning which succeeds this festal night in the paid ship. But it by no means closes the gaieties of the season. Morning is grey, indeed, and its aspect rather saturnine than jovial; but ere noon the fogs clear away, rum is poured down like rain-water, and nature is very naturally invigorated and refreshed. This night resembles the last, only that a few steady old quarter-masters and boat-swain's-mates, now perhaps condescend to be only half-seas-over, and having procured, by a sort of spiritual influence over the master-at-arms, the indulgence of keeping in their light after eight bells, they smook and soak with great gravity in a retired corner, whence their candle may not cast a ray up any hatchway, so as to be perceived by the officer of the watch-on-deck; and when he goes his rounds, it is concealed, without being extinguished, by the superinduction of a large tub which held the mess allowance of peas-soup. The comfortable composure of these veterans is as undisturbed by the yells and furious brawls without, as by the fluid which gradually percolates through every pore within. A shipmate falls down a hatchway, and is carried past to the surgeon's mate to have his leg set, or his shoulder wrenched back into joint;—they never take the pipes from their lips: a refractory woman, by the help of a rope made fast round her waist and rove through a block at the end of the main-yard, is hoisted up from deck to deck, pushed over the bulwark, and let down into a boat along-side—they curse her for making more noise than a marine in a gale of wind, and take up their yarn where they dropped it. It is generally three or four days before any attempt is made to restore the ship to its ordinary state of discipline, and few of the women leave her whilst she remains in harbour.

## Miscellanies.

### BRITISH ENGRAVERS.

(For the Mirror.)

O, genius! what power thy wand can control?  
Thou mighty magician! and spark of the soul!  
Thy flame will burst forth like the sun-beams of  
day,  
And bear with their glory, detraction away!  
Triumphantly will blaze with the mind-torch of  
light,  
And hurl down thy foes to the regions of night.



Nor thou bold *aspirant*—to merit and fame,  
Shall live without record to blazon your name;  
Thy *Graphic* star'd lustre transcendent will  
shine,  
And the proud claim to *genius*,—with justice  
be thine! UTOPIA.

\* Mr. George Kellarday, a young gentleman of very eminent abilities in the Graphical department, and who from the beautiful, and indeed, classical subjects already produced, promises to hold no mean rank with those illustrious *British Engravers*, Woollett, Green, Ryland, Heath, Picard, Sharpe, &c. &c.

### RED AND GREEN FIRE.

MR. EDITOR,—It is in my power to furnish your correspondent "*Rover*" with directions for red and green fire, blue I never saw, nor do I know the composition; the following are the proportions for red.

- 40 parts of dry Nitrate of Strontian.
- 13 do. of finely powdered Sulphur.
- 5 do. of Oxymuriate of Potash.
- 4 do. of Sulphuret of Antimony.

The Potash and Antimony should be powdered separately, and then mixed together on paper, after which they may be added to the other ingredients previously powdered, and all mixed together perfectly. Sometimes a little Realgar is added to the Sulphuret of Antimony, and frequently when the fire burns dim and badly, a very small quantity of very finely powdered Charcoal, or lamp black, will make it perfect.

### GREEN.

- 13 parts of Flowers of Sulphur.
- 77 do. of Nitrate of Barytes.
- 5 do. of Oxymuriate of Potash.
- 2 do. Metallic Arsenic.
- 3 do. Charcoal.

The Nitrate of Barytes should be well dried and powdered, it should then be mixed with the other ingredients, all

finely pulverized, and the whole triturated until perfectly blended. A little Calamine may be occasionally added in order to make the combustion slower; and it is above all things requisite, that both this and the red fire, should be well triturated and continued until perfectly mixed.

CLAVIS.

### BLUE FIRE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Observing in your 68th Number the wish of "*Rover*," I inform you the composition of the blue fire consists of the following mixture.

- Flowers of Sulphur ... 13 parts.
- Nitrate of Barytes..... 77 do.
- Oxymuriate of Potash, 5 do.
- Metallic Arsenic ..... 2 do.
- Charcoal ..... 3 do.

This mixture to be burned in a reflector.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

### SONNET,

WRITTEN ON SEEING BURLEIGH CASTLE.

(For the Mirror.)

In reverend guise this ancient pile survey,  
Girded with oaks whose tinted foliage gleams  
With Autumn's golden hue. Now length'ning  
streams  
Between their hoary trunks the western ray,  
As smiles the slowly parting orb of day:  
Full on these lofty halls are flung his beams,  
Where time's ennobling touch has furnish'd  
themes,  
That rouse the soul through centuries to stray.  
I see our maiden queen beside me sweep—  
I shrink beneath the lightning of her glance,  
Or view that lofty form relaxed in sleep,  
Her mind's vast powers bound up as in a  
trance.  
"Till all these splendid scenes in dimness fade,  
Lost in the glory of that awful shade.

### THE PROBABILITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

THE proportion of children born is 18 males to 17 females. According to the observation of Mr. Dupré de St. Maur, in 23,994 deaths, 6,454 of them were those of children, not a year old, and carrying his researches on this subject as far as possible, he concludes, that of 24,000 children born; the numbers who attain to different ages, are as follow :—

Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.
2.....	17,540	9.....	12,015	40.....	7,920	75.....	1,507	94.....	40
3.....	15,162	10.....	11,961	45.....	7,608	80.....	807	95.....	33
4.....	14,177	15.....	11,405	50.....	6,197	85.....	291	96.....	23
5.....	13,477	20.....	10,909	55.....	5,375	90.....	103	97.....	18
6.....	12,968	25.....	10,259	60.....	4,564	91.....	71	98.....	16
7.....	12,562	30.....	9,544	65.....	3,450	92.....	63	99.....	8
8.....	12,255	35.....	8,770	70.....	2,544	93.....	47	100.....	6 or 7

When a child is born, to what age may a person bet, on equal terms, that it will

attain? Or if the child has already attained to a certain age, how many years is it probable that it will still live? These are two questions, the solutions of which is not only curious, but important.

We shall here give two Tables on this subject, one by M. Dupré de St. Maur, and the other by M. Parcieux. The Table of M. Parcieux is formed from lists of Annuitants.

## TIME TO LIVE.

M. de St. Maur.					M. Parcieux.				
Age.	Years.	Months.	Years.	Months.	Age.	Years.	Months.	Years.	Months.
0	8				50	16	7	19	5
1	33		41	9	60	11	1	14	11
2	38		42	8	70	6	2	9	2
3	40		43	6	75	4	6	6	10
4	41		44	2	80	3	7	5	
5	41	6	44	5	85	3		3	4
6	42		44	3	90	2		2	2
7	42	3	44		95		5		6
8	41	6	43	9	96		4		5
9	40	10	43	3	97		3		4
10	40	2	42	8	98		2		3
20	33	5	36	3	99		1		2
30	28		30	6	100		1		1
40	22	1	25	6					

It may be deduced from the preceding observations, that when the inhabitants of a country amount to one million, the number of those of the different ages will be as follows:—

Between 0 and 1 year complete	38,740
1 — 5	119,460
5 — 10	99,230
10 — 15	94,530
15 — 20	88,674
20 — 25	82,380
25 — 30	77,650
30 — 35	71,665
35 — 40	64,205
40 — 45	57,230
45 — 50	50,605
50 — 55	43,940

Between 55 and 60 years complete	37,110
60 — 65	28,600
65 — 70	21,305
70 — 75	13,193
75 — 80	7,063
80 — 85	2,880
85 — 90	1,026
90 — 95	335
95 — 100	82
Above 100 years	3 or 4

Total 1 Million.

The number of inhabitants of a country is to that of the families, as 1,000 to 222½.

By taking a mean also, it is found that in 25 families, there is one where there are six or more children.

The proportion of males and females in a country, are as 18 to 19.

It is found that there are three marriages annually among 337 inhabitants, so that 112 inhabitants produce one marriage.

The proportion of married men, or widowers, to married women, or widows, is nearly as 125 to 140, and the whole number of this class of society, is to the whole of the inhabitants, as 265 to 631.

Among 631 inhabitants, there are 118 married couples, 7 or 8 widowers, and 21 or 22 widows.

1,870 married couples give annually 267 children.

The number of servants is to the whole number of inhabitants, as 136 to 1,535 nearly.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ALTHOUGH it was part of the original plan of the MIRROR, to give extracts from the most expensive, and most valuable new Works, as they appeared, and we have frequently done this, yet it has occurred to us, that if we somewhat extended this part of our plan, we might be rendering the MIRROR still more attractive; we have, therefore, in the present Number, commenced the *Selector*. Authors and Publishers wishing to see a few of the best passages from their Works, (for we give no criticisms, nor seek after blemishes,) are invited to send copies.

The interesting Table on the Probabilities of Human Life, has confined us to so small a space, that we can only say to our Correspondents, that many of them who think themselves forgotten will appear next week.

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